The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle

The Sparrows.

LITTLE brown birds on my window sill,
Looking so pertly, a piping so shrill,
Do not fly away, I'll keep quite still,
Whilst of the sweet crumbs you eat your fill.

"Nay, do not hasten; for when you get through,
I hope you'll answer a question or wo,
You are such a busy, gay little crew,
Pray where do you live, and what do you do?

"Twit tweet, twit, tweet, we live in a street
Not far from here, in houses quite neat.
Perched in the trees, and very complete,
They've kept us all winter from snow and from sleet.

"We are off at day-break on fleet, downy wings
We gather in flocks, and chirp all sorts of things
It is a true song the brown sparrow sings,
And kindness and crumbs our friendship brings.

"And now, pretty maiden, we'll tell you the rest,
We have each little families snug in the nest;
We are sure you will like them, though p ainly they're drest;
You shall see them this spring, when they're looking their best

"Beautiful birds it is a great pleasure,
To see you and feed you, this blustering weather;
A welcome you'll find when you come here together,
I'll watch you and love you, and harm not a feather.

"And O, in the spring I shall feel myself blest,
If you'll let me see, your birds in the nest,
I'll love them no matter how plainly they're drest;
For the plain little birds are sometimes the best."

Aunt Amie.

Evil Words.

Words are things of little cost.
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand,
Witnesses at God's right hand;
And their testimonies bear
For us, or against us, there

THAT God may not cast you off in old age, forsake him not in thy youth.

For the Myrtle.

The Woodchuck.

IN TWO PARTS,
PART II.

WHEN night came, and all grew still about the farmhouse, the woodchuck thought he might venture to come out. He was very cautious about it, for he had not recovered from the great fright that he got in the afternoon.

At first, he thought he would stay in all night, and then he could not quite make up his mind to do that, for he was very hungry, and thought he should die of hunger, if he stayed in there any longer.

So he crept along very carefully, not going more than a few inches at a time, and then listening to see if he could hear any one about.

At last he arrived at the edge of the woodpile. The stars were shining brightly, and he could see all about the yard. There was nothing astir but himself. Even the great watch-dog was sleeping before the door of his kennel, and there seemed a fair chance for the woodchuck to escape back to the hill-side.

But he was very hungry, and when he came out under the stars, he felt bolder than he had done when he was under the wood.

He began looking about him for something to eat. He walked cautiously about the farmyard looking at every thing that he came near, to see if it was anything that he could eat.

He even walked very close to the watch-dog. So close that he almost touched his paws.

He had never been so near a dog before. His mother had always told him, that dogs were terrible creatures, and that he must run for his life, whenever he saw one.

But this one looked very innocent as he lay there, sleeping so soundly.

His nose was turned up, and his mouth a little open, as if he was eating. His month trembled as if he was dreaming that he was eating.

His legs twitched as if he were dreaming of running.

Our little woodchuck did not dare to stand looking at him very long, lest he should suddenly wake from the dream and catch him between those great teeth.

But he had grown frightened while he was standing there, His heart beat, as if it would jump out of his mouth.

He crept away so softly, that he did not stir a straw under his feet,

When he was well out of sight of the dog, he stopped and sat down, and said to himself:

"Well, I'm glad to be well out of that scrape. I don't believe that I will get in another like it very soon."

Now he began again to look about him for something to eat.

"That is the next thing for me to do," he said. "Here I am foolish enough to spend my time peering about, when I ought to be eating, and very soon the night will be gone, and I shall have to flee away to the hill again."

After he had said this, he commenced his search for food.

Near by he saw some trees, and he thought there might be nuts under them, that he could eat. So, squeezing himself through a wall, that was between him and the place where the trees were, he took a closer look at them.

They did not look like the trees that he had been accustomed to seeing up in the woods from which hs came.

But they had on them something that looked like larger nuts than he had ever seen.

Oh what splendid great nuts these are, he thought to himself. It won't take many of these to make me a meal.

Soon he came to one of the trees, that had an abundance of these things that he called nuts, underneath it.

"Oh, I'm in luck." said the little wood-chuck, "Here are plenty of nuts, without climbing for them."

He took one up in his paws, and was thinking how he could manage to crack so big a nut, when, to his astonishment, he found that it had not a hard shell like the nuts that he had been used to finding up in the woods.

"Now this is splendid;" said he.

"Here is this nut soft on the outside, and all ready to be eaten. I will take hold of it at once, and satisfy my hunger."

Having said this, he set his teeth into it with a will, and took a large mouthful into his mouth.

It proved to be an unripe apple, and was sour enough to make the poor little woodchuck shriek out with pain.

"No more of that kind of nuts for me," said he throwing the apple down very spitefully.

His mouth was so puckered by the sour juice that he could hardly speak, and he went muttering out of the orchard, in words that sounded very queer to his own ears.

"I came very near being killed that time," he said.

"I'll be more careful what I take hold of in future."

He squeezed himself through the wall again, and this time he came out into an open field.

His mouth pained him so that he hardly knew which way he was going, but he kept on running, to try and forget the pain.

Soon he came to something—he did not know at first what it was. But when he had walked round it, and looked at all of its sides, he raised himself up, and looked at the top. Then he cried out:

"Oh it is a house. A house already built, and just large enough for me to live in.

And there is some kind of food in it. I can smell it. I don't exactly know what it is But it is something that smells very good. I wonder what mother would say if she knew of this piece of luck."

The woodchuck took a look about him before he made the final leap into the house,

"What a fine situation;" he said.

"If I had built the house myself, I could not have found a place that would have suited me better. Here I am right in the midst of the clover, hidden from that monstrous dog, and just far enough from the house so that I can see well, all that is going on there. Whenever I hear the little girls at their play, I can rise up, and take a

peep out of my door to see what they are doing, I shall not have to borrow the spade now. The question of how to live, is settled without any difficulty.

I had been thinking that I should have to go back to the woods and get me a wife from among the woodchucks there, to come out here and help me dig that hole in the hard hillside.

But now there is no more trouble of that kind to be looked forward to.

A wife would have been convenient to dig for me, but if there is no digging to be done, I would much rather be without one. Here I can live a bachelor's life, as happy as a lark all the day long."

Just as the woodchuck said this, he touched himself under the ribs with one of his fore paws, with a nudge of delight, and gave a little chuckle as much as to say.

"Lucky! lucky! Free bachelor that I am."

Now with a jump over into his house he goes, and begins to eat with a will.

But, with a great crash, down falls a board over the top of the box, and the house was shut.

Up jumps the woodchuck, and tries to open it again. He knocks his head against the top. But it is all of no use.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" he cries, "How I wish I had a wife ontside, to come and open the door of this prison.

But poor wretched bachelor that I am. Nobody will miss me outside. Nobody cares whether I am in or out of the world. And nobody will ever try to find me now that I am lost.

It was good fun to be free and have nobody to care for, when I was at large. But now I am in trouble, how I would like to have somebody to care for me. *E. M. B.*

Let us Try It.

I shall try it, too. When we rise to-morrow morning let us resolve to make at least one person happy for that day. It is easily done: a garment to some one who needs; a kind word to the sorrowful; a cheery smile to the downhearted; seeking to do something you know some one else would like. These are all little things, but they are worth a good deal.

If you make only one person happy through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. Had you an idea you could do as much as, that? Wouldn't you like to begin now? — *S. S. Advocate.*

Dolly's Epitaph.

SHE didn't die of any ache,
She hadn't any broken heart,
But everywhere she seemed to break,
And rip, and tear, and come apart.

I do not know that she was sick,
I do not think that she could feel;
But both her limbs had lost a stick,
And all her form had lost its meal,

Folks did not keep their mouths well shut,
They said her features were not fair;
But all her head was hickory nut,
And there was solid kernel there.

So quietly she let it pass,
And every loss was soon forgotten;
She did not "die and go to grass,"
But to a bunch of dirty cotton.

—*Young Folks' News.*

Didn't Mean to.

Charlie came home very angry.

"Some one had left the bars down," he said, "and the cows are gone. I cannot find them anywhere."

"Oh dear!" cried Lizzie; "when I went cross lots I forgot to put them up after me; I didn't mean to."

So her father had a long hunt, and returned home very tired.

Next day Lizzie was late at school, and had a black mark. "Why were you not in time?" asked the teacher.

"I stopped a minute to play with Meda Hildreth, and did not think it was so long. I didn't mean to be tardy."

That same week she was playing with the kitten one day, when the baby was sitting on the floor. Lizzie did not look where she went, and ran against him, so that he fell over and hurt his head very badly. He cried so loud that his mamma came.

"How did he get this great bruise?"

"I hurt him," said Lizzie. "I did not mean to."

Then her mother told her that this didn't mean to, if she let it live, would grow into a great, ugly, giant habit, and make a slave of her.

So Lizzie said she would try very hard to kill it while it was little; and she has grown so careful since then that you might play with her for a year, and not find out that she was the very girl I have told you about.—*The Congregationalist.*

It is our false opinions of things which ruins us.

For the Myrtle.

The Joy of Knowledge.

"OH father, I have seen some thing very beautiful to-day."

"Have you my child? I am very glad of that. And were you interested in what you saw?"

"Oh yes father, I was very much interested."

"Very well. That pleases me still more. I am glad to have you pleased with beautiful things, for beauty educates the eye. But if this object had given you only eye-pleasure it would have been but a moments gratification to you. Now that you are interested, some information may come of it which will last you a life time. Tell us what the very beautiful object was.'

"It was the painting of a bird."

"Ah, what kind of a bird was it?"

"I did not know the bird, so I cannot answer that question. It was the painting that interested me, more than the object painted."

"Oh! my little boy has gone into art studies has he? Who was the painter of the beautiful bird, able thus to attract your attention?"

"I do not know the name of the painter. It was a chinese bird, and by a chinese master. I do not know a name for either, but the painting was beautiful."

"Now, my child, I am inclined to think that the material on which the picture was painted, was more interesting than either the bird or the painter. I have seen these Chinese pictures. They are indeed rarely beautiful, and much of their beauty depends upon the fact that they are painted on paper made from the Chinese Pith Paper Plant."

"What do you mean by Pith Paper Plant, father? I thought that the paper on which the chinese pictures are painted, was rice paper."

"I know it is very often called rice-paper, and many persons think that it is made from rice. But this beautiful paper is made from the pith of a plant."

"The pith of a plant. How do you mean, father?"

"Don't you know what the pith of a plant is?"

"Yes, I think I do. It is the soft white substance which grows in the stem of some plants."

"Yes, that is what I mean. There is a tree in China which the Chinese call Tung-tzan (hollow plant). It grows most abundantly in the island of Formosa. From this tree they get the pith from which this beautiful paper is made."

"I cannot understand, father, how it is possi-

ble to make paper from the pith of a tree. In the first place how can they ever get the pith out of the long trunk of a tree?"

"They do not take it all out at once. They only allow the tree to grow about twelve feet before they cut it down, as the pith is not as good if the tree is very old. After they have cut down the tree, they divide the stem into sections of nine or twelve inches. The pith is about two inches in diameter."

"How do they get it out of the stem?"

"They insert a straight stick into the end of each piece, and hammer it on the ground until the pith is forced out. Then they place this pith in hollow bamboos and there it dries perfectly straight. The pith is then skilfully cut by workmen who hold against the cylinder a long sharp knife which is kept quite steady while the pith is moved round and round."

"I cannot quite understand how you mean, father."

"Well, I have a picture of that process here in a paper. You can come and look at this."

"Oh yes, I see now, father. Do they pare it quite into the centre?"

"No, not entirely to the centre. They stop when they reach the inner pith, for that is broken and imperfect. From each of these cylinders they get a smooth scroll about four feet long."

"Oh, how curious that is."

"Yes, it is very curious, and these scrolls after they have been pressed and cut into squares of the required size, are ready for the use of the painter."

"How glad I am to know all this. I shall never see one of these beautiful Chinese pictures again without thinking of the curious process by which the paper is made on which they are painted."

"And your pleasure will be much greater in them now. We might be very much happier than we are in this world, if we would but try to understand, and learn about the wonderful things which surround us." *E. M. B.*

A LITTLE Danbury girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered: "Perhaps, mamma, they may have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night." The mother retreated.

A MAN who mistrusts himself never truly confides in any one.

For the Myrtle.

Tears of Angels.

THE other night when Rob was bad,
Before we went to sleep,
Our mother said, "Oh, wayward child,
You make the angels weep"

And now, whenever from the sky
I see the raindrops fall,
I wonder if the angel's tears
Are dropping for us all.

To-day the soft white flakes come down
So gently from the sky,
I'm sure the people do not know
That thus the angels cry.

For all along the crowded street,
The hurrying passers go,
And no one says "the angels weep,"
But only, "see the snow."

E. M. B.

The Sunny Side.

Grumbling is poor business. It never does the grumbler any good, and makes other people uncomfortable.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man." — *Little Star.*

A QUEER old chap has nick-named his daughter Misery, because she loves company.

Pussy's Mistake.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Mrs. Pussy-cat one night
Went abroad to see a neighbor,
As she really thought she might,
After days of honest labor;
Having driven every mouse
From the kitchen and the house.

As for rats, there wasn't one —
Not a single saucy fellow
Left to whisk his tail and run
From the pantry to the cellar;
So she thought she had a right
To divert herself that night.

There were kittens, one, two, three,
To be thought of first, however;
"They'll be sure to cry for me,"
Pussy thought, "if I endeavor
My escape from them to make
While they're all so wide awake-

"And to wait till they're asleep,
That would be a work of patience;
Just as like as not they'd peep,
And set up their lamentations
When to leave them I began;
I must try another plan."

So she ponde ed for a while,
Till a happy thought occurring
Made her smile — a catty smile —
And she told the kittens, purring,
She had thought of a device
To secure some good fat mice.

"There are dozens, as I've heard,
In the corn crib over yonder,
If you only say the word.
I can catch, I shouldn't wonder,
One apiece for you at least —
How would that be for a feast?"

"Oh," the kitties cried, "how nice!"
"But you know I'll have to leave you
While I go to fetch the mice,"
Said the cat, "and that will grieve you.
You must promise not to cry
Till I come back by-and-by,"

So the kittens promised her
There should be no sound of crying,
That they'd neither fret nor stir
From the place where they were lying;
And their mother smiled to see
How the plan worked easily

Very shortly after that,
She retailed the whole transaction
To her friend, Tabitha Cat,
With serene self satisfaction;
And they laughingly agreed
It was managed well indeed.

But the little kits grew tired,
By-and-by, of waiting lonely,
When the mice they so desired
Came in expectation only;
Soon instead of going to sleep
They began to wail and weep.

Till at last they ran away,
Saying each one to the other,
"What's the use for us to stay?
Let us go and find our mother?"
But alas! they didn't know
Silly things — which way to go.

And some boys, who chanced to be
Prowling round for mischief, found them,
Caught the kittens one, two, three,
And with cruel pleasure drowned them;
When the cat returned, ah, me!
Not a kitten could she see.

Then she howled with grief and pain,
All her foolishness confessing;
For she saw it now in vain —
She had caused their fate distressing;
All her wretchedness and ruth
Came from tampering with the truth.

Moral, he that runs may read:
Every purpose of deceiving
Is the fructifying seed
For a crop of future grieving,
Let what will be gained or lost,
Tell the truth at any cost.

Christian Union.

Hold of Papa's Hand.

The patter of little feet on my office-floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I'se come to 'scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour "to take me home," as she said. Soon we were going hand in hand on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl; and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along, and tell me where to step, and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began, "Now step up, now down," and so on till we had safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeked once!"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer: "Oh, no, mamma! I had a tight hold on papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places,"

THOSE desires of change which now amuse, will continue to amuse until death; it is the experience of all ages. All of change that will then be found will be an account somewhat larger, perhaps, than would have to be rendered today.

GEN. i. 2.

And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"What was the sermon about to-day, Andrew?" said Jimmy, as his brother laid aside his book on the Sunday evening when the daylight was too far gone for him to longer safely use his eyes.

"I don't think I shall preach the sermons to you any more." Andrew replied.

"Why not?" says Jimmy.

"Because you are so wilful in staying at home from church."

"I don't call that wilful. It seems to me that it's sensible. I get the sermon from you in a way that I understand, and I am sure I shouldn't do that if I went and tried to get it for myself."

"You don't try, Jimmy. And you never will know whether you can or cannot get these ideas from the minister, until you go to church Sunday after Sunday, and give his sermons a good and patient hearing."

"That would be work, Andrew. And when I get the sermons from you, it is real pleasure. Now do be good, and tell the sermon to me to-night as you did last Sunday night. I would tell you, if I was your big brother and you were my little one."

"Well, well, we will not make any more words about it. I will turn preacher, and you shall be my audience, and we will see whether you improve under my ministration."

"That's a dear good brother. Now tell me what the sermon was about to-day."

"It was about motion."

"That is a very curious thing to preach about. I am sure I don't see what a minister would find to say about that that would seem like a sermon."

"Why Jimmy, it seems a very easy thing to preach about for it is everywhere, and in every thing. From the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, when his spirit *moved* upon the face of the waters, there has been motion in every thing."

"Did the preacher say that?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am sure he must be mistaken, for a great many things that I know about stand perfectly still, and never move at all."

"What do you know, Jimmy, that never moves at all?"

"Why, those stars that we are looking at now from this window."

"Oh, Jimmy, you were never more mistaken. Those stars are every one of them worlds like the one that we are living on, or suns, round which worlds revolve, and they all are moving. many of them moving with great velocity through space."

"What do you mean by velocity? I wish you wouldn't use such big words, Andrew."

"I mean that they move swiftly."

"Thank you for explaining I can understand that word. Now you see how much better off I am when I get the sermon from you, than when I get it from the minister. I can stop you when you use big words, and have them explained, and I cannot do that in church."

"Well, Jimmy, go on. What beside the stars are you thinking of as having no motion?"

"Why trees, Andrew. The old oak in the meadow has stood there more than a hundred years, and it has never made a journey in all the time."

"Why Jimmy, do you think the oak is exactly what it was a hundred years ago?"

"No, of course not exactly. It has grown"

"Isn't it growing all the time?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"Can it grow without motion?"

"No."

"Well, what next can you find that stands perfectly still?"

"This house."

"Oh no, Jimmy. Don't you remember the decaying board in the shed where you fell yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Every board in the house is slowly moving to decay."

"Well, that great rock out there, Andrew; that surely is neither growing nor rotting."

"There you are mistaken again, Jimmy. All the rocks are slowly crumbling away — very slowly it is true. The great rock of which you speak, will last longer than this house, but it is moving just as certainly, although less rapidly to decay."

"Well, if rocks rot, I am sure I don't know of anything that doesn't."

"No Jimmy. That was what I told you in the beginning. All of God's creation is a series of growths and decays. Nothing stands still. And we are to remember that it is because God is in everything that everything does move. Motion is the law of the Universe, because the Universe is alive with the spirit of its Creator. God is life, and life is not a stagnant thing but full of vigor, and rapidly changing from glory to glory."

"I see," said Jimmy. "And that is the way perhaps that the new heavens and the new earth are coming. If only things grow better each time they grow; it would be beautiful to have the new earth come by such littles that we shouldn't know when this old earth vanished."

"Why Jimmy, you are turning preacher yourself, and have finished the sermon better than I could have done it. Let us not forget that we are a part of the new heavens and new earth, and that the best in us is to grow a little better each day while the worst goes slowly to decay."

Answer to Letter Puzzle D.

MARCH 6. Farthing.

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Our Sunday Schools.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

— The past year has been one of marked prosperity for the Ballou Association connected with the Nashua parish. Twenty-six new members have connected themselves with it. The conditions for membership are such that this is a satisfactory increase. In order to become a member the candidate must have attended the Sunday School of the parish for three months and be not less than fifteen, nor more than twenty-four years of age. At twenty-five a member is not eligible to office, and at thirty he is put upon the list of honorary members. The Association is what it claims to be — a young people's literary association. Why may not other Sunday Schools profit by the example of Nashua? Very many of the Young People's Associations nominally in connection with our churches, have been merely scoop-nets in which vast multitudes of young people have been caught for temporary interest or amusement, when they might have been, as in this example at Nashua, real helpful addenda to the church. — ED.

PENNSYLVANIA.

— A Sunday School has been formed at Hyde Park. May it grow into a church.

— The Sunday School of the First Universalist mission in Philadelphia, was inaugurated on Sunday afternoon 17th inst. at Mission Hall, 1226 South 8th Street. Addresses were delivered by E. G. Brooks, D.D., Chas. Russell, Esq., superintendent of the Mother School at Lombard Street, Mr. Wm. Buckman, Wm. H. Main, Esq., H. E. Busch and the pastor Rev. Dr. Taylor. The school starts under the most favorable auspices with Frank Lawrence Esq., as superintendent, and a role of over fifty scholars and teachers.

IOWA.

— From Belle Plaine, a friend writes, "We have had Rev. I. A. Eberhart since last October every two weeks and he has got up a good interest in our cause. We have leased a hall for a year, have a Sunday School every Sunday. H. Bickford, Superintendent. We use the Sunday School *Helper*, and the prospect is good.

Convention Report.

The Convention report just issued from the press, exhibits a slow gain in our churches and Sabbath Schools. Of the former there is reported an aggregate of nearly 5,000 members, of the latter 15,000.

Easter Allegory.

In the *Helper* for March will be found "An Easter Allegory," by Rev. L. J. Fletcher, which will be a prize to all schools who are to celebrate Easter. The name of the author is sufficient to commend it, but we are impelled to add our commendation of its excellence.

Save the "Helpers."

The *Leader* gives this good advice: "Don't throw away a single old *Helper* or lesson paper. There are numerous Sunday Schools greatly needing them, and unable to purchase. Bear in mind it is needless to keep them any longer than you can use them. Find out, at once, what poor schools need them, and as soon as you are through with them for any month, see that they are gathered up, without delay, and forwarded. The school at Valley Falls, R. I., has never destroyed any, but began sending to the school started by Mrs. Outlaw in North Carolina, and then finding they were needed at Chapel Four Corners, R. I., they have been sent there at the end of each month. They are as good as money to needy schools, and while we are urging the annual collection and missionary boxes, don't waste any more of these blessed little missionary *Helpers* and lesson papers, but send them to those unable to purchase, and allow them the benefit of the most splendid thing ever gotten up for Sunday Schools. Such a course, also, instead of decreasing the sale of *Helpers*, will be the means of bringing them into universal use, and double the sale in another year. We wonder how many schools will neglect this means of accomplishing a great good, simply because it costs nothing.

Sunday Schools in New York.

The Sunday Schools are usually large. The Lee Avenue Congregational School, a few years since, numbered 2,500 Beecher has over 2000 in his three schools, while several churches have over 1000 names upon thsir rolls.

The Sunday School Chapels are elaborately furnished, and large sums are spent in making the services attractive; one school has recently purchased an organ at a cost of over $3,000, while fountains, flowers, school papers, annual gifts, excursions, &c, are the accessories of nearly all the most flourishing schools.

Very many of the superintendents are men of large means, who are lavish in their contributions, while many of the editors of the New York Sunday School papers and magazines reside in Brooklyn and practically test, in their own schools, the plans submitted in their papers.

Room for the Workers.

There is room in the church, and need, for all manner of workers. The poorest and least recognized are as much needed as any. Open your watch your eye falls on jewels there, But the sparkling jewels cannot say to the modest coil of steel beside them, "We have no need of thee," for that is the mainspring. And the mainspring cannot say to the tiniest cog wheel, "We have no need of thee," for without it the works stand still. It is just so in the Church of Ghrist. One little worker can mar the whole by failing to fulfil his office. There is a place for each. — *Central Presbyterian.*

"PRECEPT upon precept, line upon line," has properly more applications than are usually made use of. The *Independent* gives a bit of good advice respecting the showing of pictures to the primary class. "Show one picture at a time; use it to the best advantage; make the most of it for that session. Then, if there are other pictures of the series, say so, and promise to show one of them next Sunday or at some future day. In this way the interest of the scholars in the pictureshowing will be greater, and so will be the profit of their lessons. It is almost invariably a mistake to show more than one picture to a primary class at one session of the Sunday School."